

moirfully whenever reached by a stream in its full strength.

Suddenly a wilder gust of wind swept across the park and the red brick building. It struck the lower floors first, and in the twinkling of an eye passed over the entire area of wall. A few seconds after it had passed as if it had been so many years ago that it had been waiting for a lighter taper.

That central attention on the red brick building for twenty minutes or so. And it was exciting enough while it lasted. There was a confident expectation that the structure would share the fate of its neighbor across Warren street. No other outcome seemed possible.

And, indeed, it was not many seconds before charred window sashes and shattered glass gave ingress to the flames on several floors. But almost as soon as this was apparent, it was perceived that the building had been invaded by firemen. They appeared at the burning windows, hose in hand, and could be seen valiantly working in rooms where office furniture was plainly visible from the street.

Water Tower at Long Range.

The water tower, which had hitherto been squirting a mighty stream into the upper floor of the clothing store, was turned at long range on the red brick building. It seemed an ineffective manoeuvre, for the stream curled over like an ostrich plume and dissolved in spray many feet short of its destination.

The various features of such a spectacle are not accompanied with the art employed by a skilful stage manager, and one does not always appreciate the efforts of the firemen. When the Warren street wall fell it was like something happening in a dream—noiselessly. It simply detached itself from the Rogers Peet building and toppled over as gently as a wall of cardboard.

But the collapse of the roof was different. No one could have escaped the thrill. Up to that point one had been only vaguely conscious of the lofty building against whose foot the five-story building of Rogers Peet & Co. leaned in humility—a foot-hill against a mountain. But when Rogers Peet & Co.'s roof fell and the debris came down to a height exceeding that of the building next door, it was seen that the building next door was very high indeed, and that its situation was more than perilous.

These new-born flames flung themselves against the lofty side wall of the Rogers Peet building as a factory chimney, save for the window piercings, and nearly as tall. And presently the casements of those windows began to flame, far up on the twelfth floor.

Fire Proof Yet on Fire.

Here was a new element, involving a fascinating amount of guess work. A fire-proof building was on fire. The crowd appreciated the situation at once. The clothing store was still burning. Fire was still breaking out at intervals at various windows of the red brick structure. There was a bewildering complication of light, shadow, movement and noise. But the fate of the lofty Rogers Peet Building riveted the attention of the multitude in the quadrangle.

It certainly made a stubborn resistance did that skyscraper. The flames did not leap from floor to floor as they had done in the case of the clothing store. But the very slowness of the fire's march made it more exciting to watch. From the side windows the flames ate through to the Broadway facade. One after another, at intervals of several minutes, five windows on that floor were lighted up, carrying the flames nearer and nearer to the corner of Murray street—the Postal Telegraph Building.

Incidents of the Fire.

Pieces of stone from the balcony of the fourteenth floor of the Home Life building fell with a crash to the sidewalk soon after midnight. The firemen's duties carried them frequently past the spot where the fragments landed, but, fortunately, no one was struck. A series of small explosions on the upper floors sent out big showers of sparks and solid embers from time to time. Some of the heavier pieces fell among the crowd.

Among the occupants of the upper floors of the Rogers Peet Building were John O'Brien and John C. Steehan.

BIG BROADWAY SKY SCRAPER.

The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company's building—one of the most elaborate and costly structures of its type ever erected in New York—was built in 1893. It is oblong in shape, and rises 175 feet above the sidewalk, with a huge ornamental cornice. There are fourteen stories. This huge structure has a frontage of 70 feet on Broadway and on Murray street of 100 feet. The first four stories are of granite, limestone and the rest of the building is of light gray brick, with terra cotta trimmings. The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company use a part of the basement and cellar, a portion of the ground floor and all of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth floors. The rest of the building is rented to various tenants for office purposes.

WAS PLANNED TO KEEP OUT FIRE.

The Home Life Insurance building is perhaps the most striking of the lower Broadway sky scrapers. It took shape in 1890, and an army of artisans and laborers toiled through the summer to complete it. Standing exactly midway between Murray and Warren streets, it shoots up 190 feet from the sidewalk, with a narrow spire, with high pitched roof, runs 60 feet higher. It towers high above even the lofty Postal Telegraph building, adjoining, and from a distance resembles a huge shaft of white granite.

The building has fifteen stories, but there is a fringe of 25 feet 9 inches on Broadway, although it runs back 107 feet 8 inches.

It is built in the most severe style of the Italian Renaissance. The front is of white marble and encrusted with ornamental carvings on the lower stories. Many of these are carved and designed by the intense heat last night.

Simplicity of design is maintained from the third to the twelfth story. Above the floor is a loggia, and in the spire broken dormer windows.

The entrance to the office of the company, on the second and third floors is in the centre of the building on Broadway, and flanking this entrance on the right and left are entrances to the lower floors. The corridors and lower floors are decorated with expensive marbles. There are two high courts in the building, open to its width and surrounded by glass brick walls. All the plumbing was finished in brass, and as the building was supposed to be fireproof, great expense was lavished on the interior finish.

The suites of offices were as elaborate in design as the rooms in the first-class hotels. Professor William R. Ware, the architectural expert of Columbia College, was asked by the company to select the architect for the work. For almost two years, and he chose Neponen Le Brun & Son.

When the design appeared in the papers at that time it was announced that the new structure would be absolutely fireproof.

HALF A CENTURY IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

When Rogers, Peet & Co. began business in the clothing trade, almost half a century ago, they were manufacturers and wholesale dealers. Some twenty years ago they decided to become retailers. John F. Martin, the multimillionaire owner of Brooklyn water front property, who had made his financial start in life in the clothing trade and had been a special partner in the firm, assumed active control of the business and Mr. Peet followed Mr. Rogers in retiring from the firm.

Then the firm had but one store. It was

located on the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome street. On the completion of the buildings at the corner of Broadway and Prince street, where the old offices of the Astor estate had been, the business was removed there. Then a branch at Broadway and Thirty-second street was added and several years ago the Warren street store was opened. For many years it had been occupied by Devlin & Co., retail clothing merchants.

OCCUPANTS OF THE U. S. BUILDING.

The occupants of the United States Life Insurance Building, No. 261 Broadway, northwest corner Broadway and Warren, are:

Basement—Thomas C. Cook & Son, steamship ticket agents.
First Floor—Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, the Plant System, the Wisconsin Central lines, F. T. Hawke, general agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, and A. B. Little, typewriters' supplies.

Second Floor—United States Life Insurance Company.

Third Floor—Bernard Metzger, I. S. Bernheimer, Elbridge T. Gerry, Edwin M. Peet and L. C. Desmar.

Fourth Floor—Tobias Brothers' newspaper advertising agency. Twenty-third Ward Land and Improvement Company, Rose & Witke, Brown & Seward, Edward L. Parris, Wilton C. Donn, Adam Wiener and Norton & McKim.

Fifth Floor—Thomas Cook & Son, Buell, Toomey & Whelan, C. E. Patterson, J. C. Quinlan, George T. Martens, John Dams, Charles F. Dane, John T. Feuton, Sheridan S. Norson, Deane Park Land and Investment Co. and C. G. Macy.

Sixth Floor—Janitor's apartments, C. J. G. Hall, W. W. Tompkins, John B. Snook & Co., architects, and C. M. Marvin.

BLAZE DRIVES OUT TELEGRAPH MEN.

The relay operating rooms of the Postal Telegraph Company are on the twelfth and thirteenth floors of the building. Here every message received by the company in the city is taken, and afterward relayed to its proper office. The telegraph operators are upon the twelfth floor, and as the ceiling of that floor is cut away for half the length of the building a gallery is used for the clerical forces. Back of the gallery on the thirteenth floor is the women's cloak room.

W. P. Todd, night manager of the operating room, who was in charge last night, had thirty-two men and boys under him. There were twenty operators, six clerks and six office boys. The men and boys were in the operating room, and the clerks in the gallery. Owing to the storm only five wires were in use at the time the alarm of fire was heard. The attention of the men was attracted by the bright light of the flames in the air shaft toward the Home Life building.

When it became apparent that the flames had reached the Home Life building, Manager Todd sent his life men downstairs by the first floor by the elevator and ordered the other men to continue their work.

However, when, at a few minutes after 10 o'clock, the accompaniment of crashing glass, smoke and steam began to come into the room, Mr. Todd had the electricity turned off from the basement and the men to attach the hose in the room to the fire hydrants. After the hose had been unrolled, the party signalled for the elevator and were carried to the ground floor without any disorder.

At 11 o'clock one of the operators returned to the twelfth floor to get something. He found that one of the windows was afire, but that the flames had not made any further progress. The room had three switchboards, one large and two small ones. One of the smaller switchboards, that to the city, was damaged, but the other two were apparently unharmed. The firemen were by this time at work on this floor.

The total damage then was estimated by an operator at \$3,000. Later on the thirteenth floor, where the Hardware Club and the women operators' clothes room were located, was alarmed. It was also reported that the twelfth floor was blazing.

The departure of the operators stopped all the Postal Telegraph business. After 10:15 no telegraph was sent or received. The Hardware Club occupied the fourteenth floor. This was one of the most luxurious clubs in the world. The club had a large dining hall, a ladies' dining room, several private dining rooms and a drawing room and sitting rooms done in the Turkish and Moorish fashions. The furniture alone cost between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

The latest addition to the club's art collection is a life size portrait of Admiral Dewey, which cost \$1,000. It was first exhibited only a few weeks ago. The club membership included all the big men in the hardware and iron trade who took lunch there daily. It was one of the show places in the city. The club was highly prized by visitors in New York. The club's officers are: President, Peter J. Kearney; Secretary, J. Leonard Varick; and treasurer, Thomas F. Keating.

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FIVE ALARMS WERE SENT OUT.

The first alarm was turned in at 9:55 from box No. 65, at the corner of Broadway and Warren street. It was answered by Engine Companies Nos. 7, 12 and 29 and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 1 and 10.

The flames spread so rapidly that there was no second alarm, a third being sent in at 10:30 o'clock. This brought Engine Companies Nos. 31, 4, 6, 27, 32, 9, 35, 10 and 13, and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 8 and 15.

At 10:05 o'clock a fourth alarm was sounded. Engine companies Nos. 20, 13, 30, 24, 17 and 25, and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 2 and 11 were sent out. At 10:08 o'clock when the fifth alarm was turned in, it was answered by five engines and one hook and ladder company. This made a total of twenty-three engines and six trucks.

Chief Henner was there with seven battalion chiefs and three deputies.

ONCE THOUGHT TO BE FIREPROOF.

The building at No. 257 and 259 Broadway is said to be the last of the old style fireproof constructions erected in New York. How "fireproof" it was was proved by last night's fire.

The first floor and basement were occupied by Rogers, Peet & Co., the third floor by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company and the rest of the building was subdivided into small offices. The tenants were principally lawyers and accountants.

The building was one of the most elaborate in design in the city. It was built in the Italian Renaissance style, and was encrusted with ornamental carvings on the lower stories. Many of these are carved and designed by the intense heat last night.

Simplicity of design is maintained from the third to the twelfth story. Above the floor is a loggia, and in the spire broken dormer windows.

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DANFORTH ONE OF THE TENANTS.

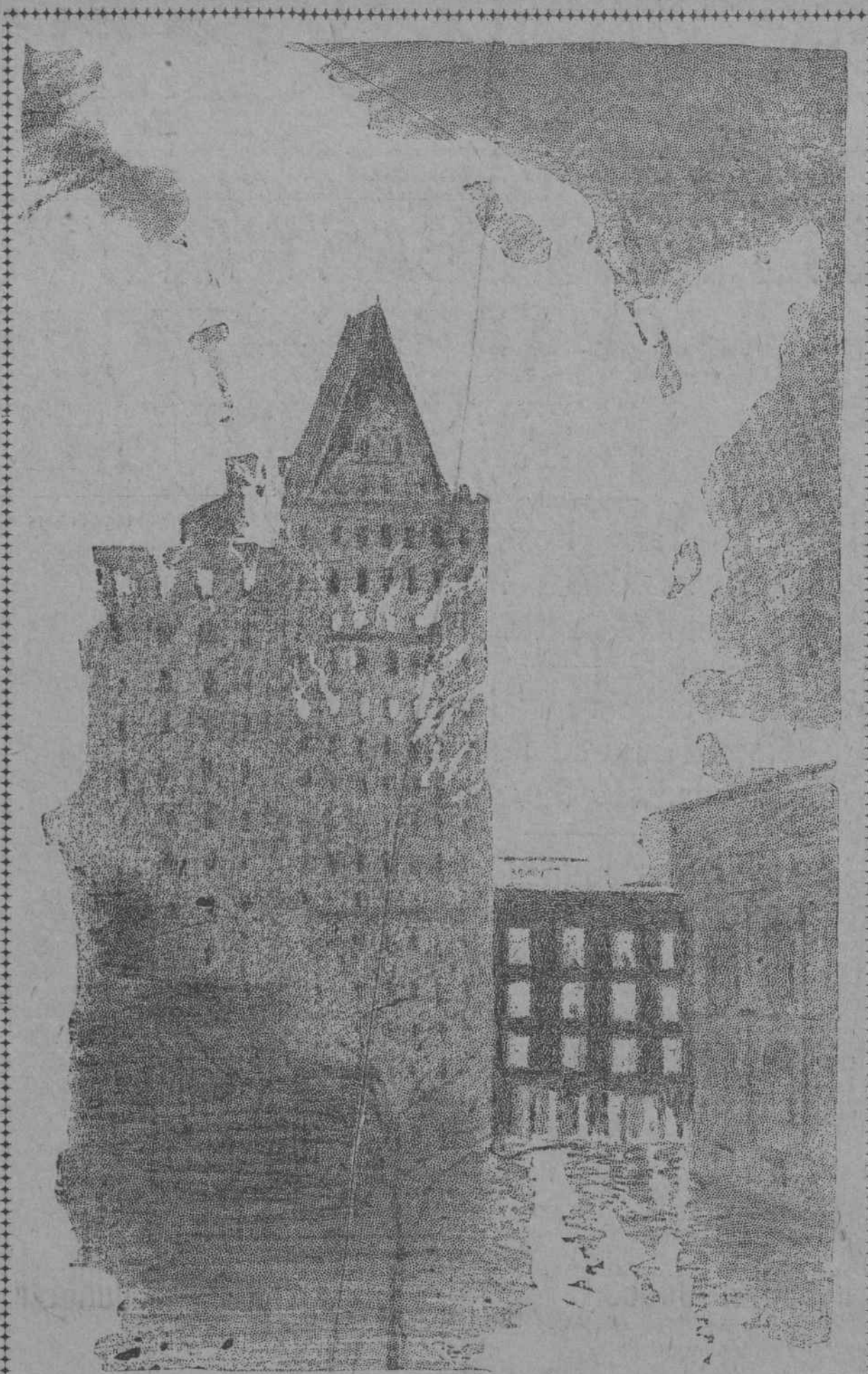
Among the Home Life Building's tenants is Elliot Danforth, this year's Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and lately chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He had a suite of four rooms for his law offices, and a large and valuable law library.

Another tenant was Senator Henry J. Coggeshall, who shared his law offices with his son, Walter Coggeshall.

EMBERS FILL UP RAILWAY TUNNEL.

In the basement of the Rogers, Peet & Co. building was the entrance to the only underground railroad that has ever been built on Manhattan Island.

Work on the road was begun some thirty



As Seen Across City Hall Park from the Journal Office.

Every now and again the flames and sparks would boil up, putting the Home Life and Postal Telegraph buildings in silhouette most strikingly. The sketch for the above picture was made as one of these eruptions was at its height.

BRYAN REJOINS HIS REGIMENT.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 4.—Colonel William J. Bryan reached this city to-day from his Nebraska home, where he has been for the last three weeks on sick leave. He was met at the depot by his regiment, the Third Nebraska, and escorted to the camp. His coming had been heralded by the press, and a big crowd met him upon his arrival.

The furlough granted to Colonel Bryan does not expire until December 5, but having fully recovered his health, he returned to his post of duty before his expiration.

Colonel Bryan left Savannah on November 5, on a fifteen days' furlough, and was compelled to ask for an extension owing to continued illness. During his absence he was requested to speak in many cities, and made a few speeches. They were all of a general character, Colonel Bryan having steadily declined to discuss politics as long as he wears the uniform of a soldier.

He jumped overboard with handcuffs on and started to swim ashore, four miles. He would probably have drowned but for the prompt action of Chief Officer J. W. Reed, of the Seneca.

William H. Seymour, an insane engineer's geoman, of the United States refrigerator ship Glacier, who arrived here yesterday under guard as an unwilling passenger on the Ward Line Seneca, made a desperate attempt to regain his liberty on November 23 off the harbor of Manzanillo, Cuba.

He jumped overboard with handcuffs on and started to swim ashore, four miles. He would probably have drowned but for the prompt action of Chief Officer J. W. Reed, of the Seneca.

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SIXTY-MILE GALE SHEEPS THE CITY.

Very Like a Hurricane Was This Successor to the Recent Blizzard.

A gale that came from the eastward at the rate of sixty miles an hour soured over New York last night, bringing with it great masses of rain clouds that emptied themselves into the streets and did more in a few hours to clean up the snowfall than Street Commissioner McCartney could do in a few days.

The ominous red light that tells of storms and makes the outboard mariner pause and stay at anchor a while longer hung from the signal staff of the Weather Bureau. A blinding wet wind swept over the bay, making it difficult for pilots to pick up their bearings.

Outside Sandy Hook the storm raged fiercely. All the observer at the signal station there could see was the snow-white caps on the angry waves. The wind whistled and the surf swept angrily up the sandy spit. It was a night of anxiety and hard cold work for sailors. What ships brought up beyond the Hook probably stood out to sea again to ride out the storm.

For exactly one minute last evening the wind in New York blew at seventy miles an hour. Then it dropped back to its normal speed of sixty miles, which the weather experts thought would remain its gait for the rest of the night.

It was quite cold for a few hours in the afternoon, and it looked as if the big snow storm announced by the Weather Bureau at Washington was to be ushered in. Then the temperature rose and the rain came down in sheets, suggestive of the wet season in the tropics rather than of a storm in frigid latitudes.

The torrid heat down upon the snow piles and they crumbled beneath it. Hundreds of tons of snow melted off and ran into the gutters. Pools of slush were swept into the gutters, leaving the crossings clear and the sidewalks clean. If Commissioner McCartney was not a happy man last night and today, he was at least glad to have the snow in his composition.

The Weather Bureau, early in the day, had advised him of a coming snowstorm.

The snow must have turned to rain. It was to have arrived from the Northeast. What New York did get in the way of weather hailed straight from the East, and it was very wet.

That is not saying, however, that the snow will not come to us. It was not here on schedule time, but it may be in town to-day. The Weather Bureau said that it had entirely abandoned its visit, even if it had postponed it.

Old Henry, however, the mercury in the barometer in the morning and drove it down fast. At 8 a. m. it stood at 30.12 inches. Then it began to fall in the tube. Between 1 p. m. and 3 p. m. it dropped 15.300 of an inch.

That meant wind, and plenty of it. The Weather Bureau at Washington telegraphed to Local Forecaster Emery as follows:

Hold hurricane signals at once, Cape May, Atlantic City, Sandy Hook, Brant Point, Rocky Island, New Haven, Montauk Point, New York section and Wood's Holl section, Cape Cod section, Boston section, Portland, Portland, Northeast hurricane, wind with heavy snow in New England and Eastern New York.

Later Mr. Emery received this wire: Severe northeast gale, with heavy snow to a night and Monday in New England and Eastern New York. Eastern New York.

In accordance with this notice wire was sent to the Post Office that hurries to mail might be expected, and the hurricane signal went up on the roof of the American Street building. It consists of two red flags with black squares. This is the first time the hurricane warning has been hoisted this season. It was seen all over the harbor, and many small vessels that had intended to put out from port decided to remain where they were.

The Street Cleaning Department had about four thousand men at work. The rain dissolved the snow, and the streets were away a lot of the snow, but left the streets and sidewalks muddy and disreputable looking. Vast quantities of slush were brought very dirty snow. It had been getting of a browner tint every day until yesterday, when it was almost black.

The report of the snow operations for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 a. m. yesterday showed that 3,886 men were employed. Of the trucks, 3,400 single cars, and that 43,404 cubic yards of snow were removed in 28,976 loads.

BARNES IS SURE OF THAT MILLION.

Says Brice and the Rest Must Pay Him for Getting Chinese Concessions.

RAILROADS AND SO ON.

Declares That Only His Personal Influence Pulled the Syndicate Scheme Through.

Thurlow Weed Barnes, six feet and more, and of severely deacon-like type, discoursed yesterday at the Millionaire's Club—he lives there—about his million dollar anti against Calvin Stewart Brice and the other plutocrats in the Chinese Railroad concessions project.

Mr. Barnes boasts that he did what Brice and the best negotiators he could employ could not do, although they had expended \$100,000 in trying. His friendship with great men in China and "knowledge of the Oriental character," as he puts it, enabled him to get from Wang Ping, the Chinese Minister, concessions as follows:

A railroad, 1,000 miles long, from Hankow to Canton, through a tributary population of 200,000,000 souls.

Imperial decree of \$44,000,000 bonds for construction of which the Project in New Jersey corporation paid \$4,000,000 outright.

Another \$2,000,000 for superintending the construction.

Twenty per cent of the net profits after the road is built.

A "take off" of \$2,000,000 more for financing the road.

Other profits in sight on the deal, making the estimated total \$100,000,000. It is a figure that actual cash expended is less than \$300,000.

"Yes," Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes said with a sigh, "I have said Mr. Brice and the other members of the syndicate for a million. They have tried to freeze me out of my share in this wealth, all of which I have created for them. The syndicate had Clarence Cary and others go to China and St. Petersburg to try to get the concession, and failed. Ex-Senator Washburn tried and failed. They promised him a quarter of the profits and \$25,000 a year. Then I began negotiations last January.

One of the concessions is a document of 2,500 words. I wrote every word, and it was signed just as I wrote it. The negotiation was a delicate business. To illustrate, I put in a stipulation that the syndicate should not be building the road. My familiarity with things as they are in China suggested that.

The concessions were signed at Washington on April 14, and ratified from the throne on the 20th.

"The money poured in," Rockefeller came in here to be worth a billion; seven Vanderbilts came in, there's a billion more; then Gilman and Carnegie, and the Illinois Steel Company, they made a fortune. I was the banker, and all those fellows; make it three billions of wealth behind the scheme.

I hadn't asked Brice for any money. I hadn't paid my assessments on my share in the syndicate, but I had an understanding that my share would be carried for me. Well, I asked Brice for something on account. He offered me a few thousands in full payment; said my share was forfeited through non-payment of assessments. I couldn't take that, you know, and I sued. And I'll win, too."

Malaria

Mysterious; Insidious and Dangerous—Many People Suffer from It.

Malaria calls to our minds at once the sufferings of soldiers in the recent campaign. But this malady, which may be called by many different names, such as general debility, slow fever, that tired feeling, weak stomach, sluggish liver, kidney trouble, etc., is a scourge with the health and lives of thousands at home. The great remedy for all malarial troubles is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels disease germs from the blood and builds up the system on the solid basis of pure, rich blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.



Like the flame on the forge that looked fiered and dark. Ere the bellows-draft quickened the smouldering spark. So life is a spark; and life is a fire; And life is a flame rising higher and higher. One fresh breath of nature's hope dies, And the fast-fading embers will waken again.

Thousands of people die of wasting weakening diseases every year who by all rules of nature and reason ought to be restored to health and strength. The medicines they receive are of the most average kind, according to regulation, stereotyped practice are mere temporary palliatives; they do not reach down deep into the vital organism where the spark of life lies dormant waiting to be awakened.

In numberless cases where every other remedy absolutely fails Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery breathes its strong vitalizing power upon the slumbering forces of life and awakens them into active energy. It quickens the digestive and blood-making glands and empowers them to supply fresh nourishment to all the organs and tissues; imbues the heart and lungs with vitality; destroying and excreting naturally from the system the bile, acids and acids which lurk in the circulation, thus building up new constitutional vigor and activity.

"I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and chest, and I suffered intensely," writes Mr. Harrison Smith, of Canby, Ky. "I tried several of the best physicians, but they gave up all hope of my recovery; they said I had consumption and could not live more than a few weeks. I bought Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am sound and well to-day. I feel better than I have in ten years."

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Into the flesh by belts or elastic trusses; no killing pressure from steel springs. We guarantee to cure you, or refund your money. Heavy belts or leg straps; no pressure on hips and spine. Largest percentage of cures effected by wearing our patent trusses and following a few simple rules of any system known. Write, or better, call, for free information. Established 1871. CHAS. CLUTHRE, Co., 29 E. 14th St., near Union Square, N. Y.

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are Beautiful and Useful. Miller lamps are perfect. The new styles to select from. Write for a free catalogue. Dealers will not supply goods of our make you can buy them at our store.

EDWARD MILLER & CO., Established 1860, 28 and 30 West Broadway, New York. No Smoke, No Soot, Automatic Regulation, Safe.

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